

THE WEEK'S NEWS

CANADA.

The treasurer of the Irish Home Rule fund of Ottawa has cabled fifty pounds sterling to Mr. Edward Blake.

A man named W. L. Kuntz, of Berlin Ont., was run over and instantly killed by a train at Portage la Prairie.

The Rev. Dr. Williamson, vice-principal of Queen's University, Kingston, Ont., has been elected a fellow of the Royal Society of Canada.

The experiment has been inaugurated of shipping coal from New Brunswick to the United States. Two barges loaded with coal left on Monday for Boston.

The Pontifical Zouaves have passed a formal vote of thanks to Major-General Herbert for his recent speech in Montreal, when he referred to them in eulogistic terms.

Mayor Bell, of Indian Head, N. W. T., reports that the crops all along the line are in a most forward condition, and that the prospects on the whole were never brighter.

Mr. Alexander Lindsay, three of his brother David's children, one girl and two boys, aged thirteen, nine, and six, and Mrs. William Ingraham, were drowned on Tuesday at Smith's Bay, Ont. The bodies were all recovered.

Mr. LaRiviere, M. P., stated in an interview at Winnipeg that there was no truth in the report that he had handed his resignation to Mr. Daly. He also denied that he was embarrassed in connection with the Colonization Company.

The Fraser river, in British Columbia, has become a raging torrent, and is doing great damage. Bridges have been destroyed, a portion of the Canadian Pacific railway track has been washed away, and the loss of crops is very heavy. Reports have been received of the loss of eight lives.

At the annual meeting of the Imperial Federation League of Canada, held in Ottawa, on Wednesday, a resolution was passed adopting a basis of a new policy upon which the general league would be reconstructed. The policy includes commercial union between the various colonies and other portions of the British Empire.

A memorial is being prepared by the friends of the Whiteway party in Newfoundland, for submission to the Imperial authorities, asking that Governor O'Brien and Judge Winter be relieved from office, the charge being that the former is acting contrary to the will of the mass of the people, and that the latter is not an impartial judge.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Mr. Gladstone is rapidly recovering from the effects of the operation on his eye.

The alleged racing of ocean steamers is to be made the subject of enquiry in the Imperial Parliament.

Heavy storms reported are from many points along the south coast of England, and much wreckage was washed shore.

The Princess Alix of Hesse, the fiancée of the Czar, is at present at Harrogate taking the waters. She is in poor health.

It is announced officially in London that the Long Service decoration for volunteer officers will be extended to India and the colonies.

A detail of the Russian secret police have arrived in London to act as a special guard to the Czar's visit during his visit to England.

The Dublin Freeman's Journal says that Gen. Lord Roberts will succeed Gen. Lord Wolseley in the autumn as commander of the forces in Ireland.

Mr. James Bryce, the new President of the English Board of Trade, is expected to take steps to prevent racing between Atlantic steamers.

Ex-Sheriff Pearce, of Southampton, who is the candidate of the Labor party for the Imperial Parliament, has been committed to gaol for fraud.

Owing to the continued depression of trade Messrs. Fenton, Connor & Co., the extensive bleachers and spinners, of Belfast, are retiring from business.

Capt. Mahan, and the other officers of the United States cruiser Chicago, paid a visit to the Chatham dock-yard on Wednesday the guests of Lord Charles Beresford.

The University of Oxford will confer the degree of Doctor of Civil Law upon Captain Mahan, of the United States cruiser Chicago at the commencement exercises in June.

The cotton mills at Hayfield, Derbyshire, owned by Mr. T. H. Sidebottom, have been shut down owing to depression, and three thousand people are thrown out of employment.

In the House of Commons, on Wednesday, Mr. Gardner, President of the Board of Agriculture, said that the lungs of an animal, landed on the 20th inst. from Montreal, appeared to be tainted with pleuro-pneumonia.

A notice has been issued by the Cunard Steamship Company that the Lucania has beaten all ocean records. She accomplished her last round trip at an average rate of twenty-one and three-quarters knots an hour.

With a view of securing the labor vote in the next general elections Lord Rosebery has made overtures to Mr. John Burns, M. P., and other leading labor men, on the subject of their accepting office in the Cabinet.

The required draught of thirty feet of the new Canadian Pacific mail route steamers will likely have the effect of throwing Liverpool out of the competition as an English port of call, owing to the difficulty of crossing the Mersey bar.

A book written by P. J. Tynan, the famous No. 1 of the Phoenix park assassinations, will shortly be published. It will give a complete history of the Irish revolutionary and Parliamentary parties since 1861, including the stories of the Cavanish and Burke murders.

Mr. Justin McCarthy has issued an appeal to the Irish people for funds, without which a continuous attendance of the Nationalist members at Parliament cannot be assured, nor can satisfactory preparations be made for the general elections, which must take place at an early date.

Mr. Sydney Buxton, Parliamentary Secretary to the Colonial Office, stated in the House of Commons, the other day, that the Government was considering the amend-

ment of the Customs' Act with a view to enabling distant colonies to conclude mutual preferential trading arrangements.

UNITED STATES.

The Chicago City Council has passed an ordinance against the sale of drugged cigarettes.

A good deal of opposition to the bill in Congress requiring seamen working on the lakes to be United States citizens is reported to be organizing.

Miss Frances Willard, owing to the financial distress in the United States, has returned to the National Women's Christian Temperance Union her last two years' salary which she received as president of that organization.

In the course of the debate on the lumber schedule of the Tariff bill in the Senate, on Wednesday, Mr. Frye said that Canada was one of the worst enemies the United States had, and the trouble was she was too small to fight.

Kenneth F. Sutherland, charged with ballot-stuffing in the Gravesend elections was sentenced on Wednesday in Brooklyn, to imprisonment in Sing Sing for two years and eight months and to pay a fine of five hundred dollars.

As the result of a misplaced switch a train on the Wisconsin Central railway was wrecked at Marshallfield, Mich. The cars caught fire, and it is believed that eight persons were killed and some fifteen persons injured.

Professor Henry Preserved Smith, formerly Professor of Hebrew in the Lane seminary, Cincinnati, has been declared guilty of heresy by the Presbyterian General Assembly.

A sword duel was fought on Saturday night in Boston between a lawyer and a newspaper man over a love affair, in which the latter drew first blood and the duel ended. By the laws of Massachusetts duelling is punishable by twenty years' imprisonment.

The Special Committee appointed in Washington to investigate the charges of attempted Senatorial bribery on the part of Charles W. Buttz, found that Buttz made the attempt at bribery, and Senators Hunton and Kyle are exonerated from all blame.

In Richmond, Va., on Wednesday, at the unveiling of the monument to the memory of the private soldiers and sailors of the Confederacy, the Rev. Mr. Cave, in the course of his speech, said that instead of accepting the defeat of the South as a Divine verdict, he regarded it as another instance of "Truth on the scaffold and wrong upon the throne."

GENERAL.

The strike of the coal porters at Port Said has ended.

The German Government has formally protested against the Anglo-Belgian treaty.

The North German Lloyd Steamship company has ordered four new steamers of four thousand tons each.

M. Dupuy, president of the French Chamber of Deputies, has consented to undertake the task of forming a new Cabinet.

The Paris papers are generally agreed in urging France to checkmate the Anglo-Belgian agreement in regard to the Congo frontier.

It is rumored that Turpin, the French inventor, has sold the secret of his melinite, the new explosive, to the powers composing the Dreibund.

A distinguished Chinaman is arranging to get two hundred thousand of his countrymen to settle in Mexico to work on coffee and hemp plantations.

The Earl of Hopetoun, in opening the Victoria Parliament, in Melbourne, on Wednesday congratulated the people on the gradual return of the country to prosperity.

The marriage of Prince Charles of Hohenzollern Sigmaringen to Princess Josephine of Flaxburg as celebrated in Brussels, Wednesday. The wedding presents were very costly.

A despatch from Bombay says that the daubing of trees is extending, and there are serious apprehensions both in England and amongst the Anglo-Indians that a rising of the natives is imminent.

Mr. James Stokes, who contributed sixteen thousand pounds towards the erection of a Young Men's Christian Association building in Paris, has been made a chevalier of the Legion of Honor.

There is a strong feeling of irritation in German political circles over the conclusion of the treaty between Great Britain and Belgium, by which England obtains an uninterrupted route in Africa from Cape Town to Cairo.

Exchange of Courtesies.



The New Parlor Maid—"Mistress told me to tell you she was not at home sir." He—"Oh—er—really! Then tell her I didn't call!"

Good Soldiers.

During the Afghanistan war, having left our encampment to attend a party, I was one night returning home, after a heavy dinner at the mess of another regiment, when it suddenly struck me I had forgotten the countersign.

The sentry that night happened to be an Irishman in my own company. As I drew near he met me with the usual "Who comes there?"

So going up to him, I said, "Hang it, man! I've forgotten the countersign." And his answer was: "Begorra, sir, and so have I."

BUNTLE'S BURGLAR ALARM.

Myrtle Cottage, situated on the outskirts of the thriving town of Blairmally, was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Buntle, a worthy couple, who, having amassed a competence in the grocery line, had retired from business, hoping to end their days peacefully in the pretty little nine-roomed residence, which had been especially built for their accommodation. And very peaceful and contented was the life they led—Buntle occupied with his garden and his pigs, and Mrs. Buntle always finding plenty to do in assisting and supervising the one neat maid-servant who formed their entire domestic staff, until one memorable day in March last.

"Oh, Buntle!" cried Mrs. B., rushing into the parlor, where her husband was scanning the morning paper; "what do you think has happened?"

"Don't know, my dear," said Buntle, looking up from his paper. "Nothing wrong with the pigs, I hope!"

"Pigs? Nonsense! far worse than that! Acacia Cottage—only just down the road, Buntle—was broken into by burglars last night, and all the plate, and a lot of other things, carried off!"

"By Jove! That's awkward. Good job it wasn't Myrtle Cottage, though; eh, my dear?" And Buntle, who is of an easy and phlegmatic nature, prepared to resume the perusal of his paper, when Mrs. B. exclaimed:

"Good gracious, Buntle! Don't you see that it'll be our turn next! There's sure to be a gang of the wretches in the neighborhood, and we shall wake up to find they've been here and taken away—Oh, Buntle, what are you going to do about it?"

"Well, my dear," and Buntle scratched his head meditatively. "I'll sit up, if you like, and watch."

"But you can't sit up every night. And how do we know when the burglars may choose to break in?"

"Very true—very true," and Buntle cast a longing glance at the leading article in which he was so interested; "what then do you think?"

"I don't know what you'd do, John Buntle, if you hadn't me to advise you. Why, we must have burglar alarms fixed up at once, at every door and window. Then if they do—"

"But that'll cost a lot of money, won't it?" asked her husband, who was of a thrifty, if not slightly penurious, nature.

"Ah! that's just like you," and Mrs. B.'s voice became more and more accentuated. "Burglars may break in, they may make off with poor dear mamma's watch, that I've worn for thirty years; they may take the silver tea spoons and forks that Uncle James gave us when we were married; they may ransack the place, and perhaps murder us, if we disturb them, before you'll make up your mind to spend a few pounds in—"

"There, there, my dear, don't put yourself out about it," said Buntle, soothingly. "You shall have the alarms fixed, never fear, I'm going to run up to town this afternoon, and I'll give the order."

The promise seemed to satisfy the terrified woman; Buntle was permitted to return to his beloved paper; and when he took the train to town after dinner, it was with the understanding that he was to make every arrangement for the fixing of the alarms, at an early date.

The owner and occupier of Myrtle Cottage was a man of his word; and when he got out of the train, he went straight to the office and emporium of the Burglar Patent Alarm and Detector Company, Limited, where he was received by a very suave and polite manager.

"Want to see our 'alarm' Certainly, sir; please step this way," and Buntle was soon inspecting the various contrivances for defeating the aims of Bill Sykes and his fraternity.

"This," said the manager, displaying a complicated arrangement of wires, springs, and tinkling bells, "is our patent alarm. You fix it on the door or window, and during the day it is silent. On retiring to rest you switch on an electric current from a small battery; and if either door or window is tampered with a bell immediately rings at the head of your bed."

"And the baffled burglar makes off, to try his hand somewhere else, eh?" said Buntle. "I should like to catch and punish the rascal!"

"Precisely, my dear sir; and that is where our Detector comes in. Here is the apparatus. Window or door can be partly opened, just enough to admit of the deprecator putting his head and shoulders through; but at that point this weighted bar descends with some force, and at the same moment this little cistern, containing a patent 'stickphast' preparation of our own, is emptied, covering the head of the intruder with a liquid something like birdlime, which temporarily blinds him, and thoroughly prevents him from making his escape. The Detector is easily placed in position; and will only work after the adjusting links have been connected, which is done the last thing at night."

After some consultation, and a thorough inspection of the articles displayed, Buntle arranged to have the alarms fixed at all the doors and windows of Myrtle Cottage, while the Detectors were to be adjusted at those which presented easy access to any prowler of the burgling community.

"And when can you fix them up?" asked Buntle, who had insisted on a heavy discount for cash, and had given a check on account of his purchases.

"Well, we're very busy just now, sir," said the obsequious manager. "Our men are fitting up alarms at Brag Castle, the Duke of B.'s; and we're executing orders at half a dozen smaller places; but I'll try and get the job done one day next week."

"It won't take long!" inquired Buntle, who was determined not to have workmen hanging round the place longer than was necessary.

"Oh, dear, no, sir. You see, our prices include the fixing and fitting up. I'll send down half a dozen men early in the morning, and the whole thing will be done by tea-time. Good-day, sir."

Buntle, having paid a visit to his club, and enjoyed a "crack" with several old

friends, returned home in a very pleasant frame of mind. Mrs. B. was delighted at the promptitude with which her wishes had been attended to; and her "lord and master's" nightcap was stronger, sweeter, and hotter that night than it had been for many a month.

About a week after Buntle's visit to the Alarm and Detector Depot, he received by the morning's post a letter from his lawyers, requesting his immediate presence at their offices to decide on the reinvestment of a certain sum of money that had been out on mortgages, and had been repaid.

"I must catch the 9.35!" exclaimed Buntle, as he rose from the breakfast-table.

"What time will you be home?" inquired his wife.

"Can't say, my dear. Depends upon how long old Smith may keep me. Besides, I should like to have a look at those houses for which this new mortgage is proposed; nothing like seeing what sort of security you'll get for your money."

"But you'll be back some time to-night?" asked Mrs. B.

"Oh, certainly! No damp hotel beds for me, thank you. Good-bye, my dear," and so saying Buntle rushed off to the station.

He had not been gone more than half an hour, when there was a violent ring at the bell, and a "squad" of half a dozen men, laden with apparatus of varied and peculiar appearance, announced that they had "come to fix the burglar alarms."

Mrs. Buntle was delighted—was quite in her element, as she made the necessary preparations, covering up the more delicate furniture in sheets and cloths, placing newspapers over the carpets for the men to tread on; providing them a hearty lunch of cold meat and beer, scrutinising each screw as it was placed, each nail as it was driven home, and asking a thousand questions as to how "this worked" or how that "operated."

"Now, mem," said the foreman, as he and his men prepared to leave, about six o'clock in the evening. "Everything's fixed, and you can see how it works. Here's the 'switch' just outside the kitchen door. You turn it 'on' before you go to bed, and if anyone tries to get in at the door or window before the morning, your bell will ring loud enough to wake you up instanter. These are the 'links' of the Detector. You make the connection so, putting the end hook into the end link of the opposite chain; and if there's any attempt to break in at the door or window so protected—well, I pity the man who tries it. Good-evening, and thankee, mem."

Mrs. Buntle and her maid had plenty to do to "clean up" after the workmen. It was past nine when they had finished; it was ten when the good lady had eaten her supper. The last train from town was due at Blairmally Station at 9.40, and it was evident that Buntle had not come by that; he must have been detained in town—a by no means unusual occurrence. So, feeling tired with her exertions, Mrs. Buntle decided to retire to rest; and the switch having been turned "on" and the "hooks and links" duly adjusted, mistress and maid were soon sleeping the sleep of the weary.

Now Buntle had spent a very pleasant day in town. His business had been satisfactorily terminated at an early hour in the afternoon, and Mr. Smith, his solicitor and very good friend, had dined with his client at the club, of which they were both members.

Then they had strolled into the cafe, where they had listened to a song or two, and had returned to the club for a glass of something comforting ere they separated.

But there were so many things to talk over, that at last when Buntle reached the terminus whence his train started, he found that it had already departed, he was about three minutes too late. There was, however, a later train to Blairmally Junction, where it was due about 10.45, and as the junction was only about three miles from Myrtle Cottage, and it was a fine moonlight night, Buntle dismissed the idea of remaining in town till the next day, and determined to return home.

This he did. The walk from the junction was a pleasant one, for Buntle's case was full of capital cigars, and he had absorbed just enough liquid refreshment to make him feel "buoyant"—nothing more.

Myrtle Cottage was all in darkness when he reached it.

"All gone to bed, I suppose," answered Buntle; "and I haven't got my latch key. Seems a pity to wake 'em up too. If that back kitchen window's unfastened—and it often is—I'll get in that way," and so saying Buntle approached the window, struck a vesta, and saw to his delight that the "snib" of the window had not been turned over the lower sash. He was wearing a tall hat, and a natty blue overcoat, both of which he removed in the attempt to make his entrance. Then he thought that he might as well take his undercoat off, knowing that the back kitchen window sill was not always free from dirt. The hat and two coats were deposited where they could easily be reached from the inside, the sash of the window was cautiously and noiselessly raised, and Buntle carefully inserted his head and shoulders, preparatory to following them with the rest of his body, and it was at that precise moment that the Detector began to work. Something swung round and caught poor Buntle a stinging blow at the back of the neck; while at the same moment an avalanche of stickphast descended on his head and face, confusing and almost blinding him. And a second later he was seized from behind by an "active and intelligent" member of the police force, whose attention had been drawn by the striking of that unlucky match, and who, seeing a partly dressed individual creeping cautiously through the window, naturally jumped to the conclusion that it was an interesting burglar, caught in the very act of burgling.

It took about four pounds of soda and soft soap to remove the "stickphast" from Buntle's hair, whiskers, and beard; and it was a week before he got over the effects of the blow from the Detector, and could move his head and neck with anything like comfort. But he is now himself again, and both he and his wife sleep peacefully, regardless of burglars and all deprecators of that ilk.

"Let 'em come if they like," says Buntle, with a chuckle, "I wish they would—they'll get a good deal more than they bargain for, I can tell you." Whether his own adventure reached the ears of the burgling fraternity I cannot say; but I do know that no second attempt has ever been made to enter surreptitiously into the sacred precincts of Myrtle Cottage.

ALL THAT IS BRITISH.

Great Britain has the Control in Africa—Railroads and Telegraph Lines Well Under Way.

Some years ago Olave Schreiner, the novelist, was talking with Cecil Rhodes in Capetown. The subject was the development of the colony. The Premier pointed to a map of Africa upon the wall. "All that is British," he said, running his finger from Capetown to Cairo. That has been his policy. "All British," wherever he can plant the flag. He hemmed in the Boer republic so that the German country on the west has been cut off from it; he has pushed the Portuguese aside; he has occupied Mashonaland and beaten down the savages of Matabeleland, who stood in the path of his onward march. At last, through a treaty with Leopold, King of the Belgians, he has secured a strip of territory through the Congo Free State which extends the British sphere of influence from the

CAPE TO THE NILE

stopping France's advance from Senegambia towards Upper Egypt. There are some gaps in this stretch of territory, but they are of little importance, and through Premier Rhodes' exertions it may be said that Great Britain has the control in Africa. Already the telegraph line from the Cape to Uganda is well under way, and the railway already in operation as far north as Johannesburg, will, in all probability, be pushed northward until it reaches from Table Bay to the Mediterranean. "All British," predicted Premier Rhodes, and all British the best portions of Africa are likely to become. In preparing the way for such changes, the British East African Company and the British South African Company have played no unimportant parts. Led by resolute men, they have beaten down opposition and extended their power upon all sides with little or no assistance from the Imperial authorities. The action of King Leopold in granting a portion of the Congo Free State to the British is certain to displease the French and Germans, who are

BOTH GRASPING TERRITORY

wherever possible, but as it will strengthen the Government of the Free State, and break the power of the slave trade which centres around Lake Tanganyika, and throw a vast stretch of territory open to peaceful trade, it must be regarded with approval and satisfaction by all civilized peoples. The Soudan has always been a barrier to improvement and enterprise from Egypt. This concession will expose it to attack in the rear, and it is certain to be subjugated from the south as soon as British interests warrant. And the honor and glory of it all will rest mainly with Premier Rhodes, to whose foresight and perseverance are attributable the immense strides which the British power has been enabled to make in south and equatorial Africa.

THE BEST BRICKS.

They are Made by the Tribes of Central Asia.

We should hardly expect to learn much about the arts of civilized life from the tribes of Central Asia, and yet, according to some of our most noted explorers, the inhabitants of Western Mongolia know how to make better brick than we can make. They use about the same material as we do, and singularly enough the thing that gives superiority to their process of brickmaking is one of the most powerful agents of civilization—steam. When the brick have been baked for three or four days, the opening in the oven is closed up with felt, which is kept wet, so that the bricks still intensely heated, are enveloped in steam. This process causes a remarkable change in the character of the brick. From red they turn gray in color, and at the same time they acquire a remarkable degree of toughness and hardness and resist the effect of weather much better than do the bricks of Europe and America. Necessity, as usual, was the mother of invention in this case, for the climate in which these ingenious Mongols live is subject to great extremes of temperature which have a disastrous effect upon brick made by the ordinary process.

Lord Rosebery and Italy.

Italy has not only the other two powers of the Triple Alliance to depend upon. She has a strong ally in England, for English interests in the Mediterranean sea are identical with her own. The friendship between Italy and Great Britain is likely to become more apparent in future, as the retirement of Gladstone and the appointment of Lord Rosebery will influence very greatly the relations between the two countries. Gladstone was, indeed, always a warm friend of Italy, and, in the fifties, he assisted materially in bringing about her unity. But the one-sidedness with which the "Grand Old Man" busied himself with his Home Rule projects during the late years did not leave him time to pay proper attention to the weighty interests which are identical to both countries. Lord Rosebery has, even before he was called to the Premiership, understood fully how valuable the friendship of Italy is to British interests and he would have used his influence as Foreign Secretary to cement that friendship had untoward events made it necessary. England cannot afford to see the equilibrium of the powers in the Mediterranean destroyed, and Italy's position as one of the great powers depends upon this equilibrium.

What He Got It For.

In a case tried recently at the petty sessions, a very bullying counsel was completely put out in his cross-examination by a very simple answer. A countryman who was a witness was asked: "So you had a pistol?" "I had, sir." "Who did you intend to shoot with it?" "I wasn't intending to shoot no one." "Then was it for nothing that you got it?" "No, it wasn't." "Come, come, sir, on the virtue of your solemn oath what did you get that pistol for?" "On the virtue of my solemn oath I got it for three and fourpence at the pawn shop down the lane."